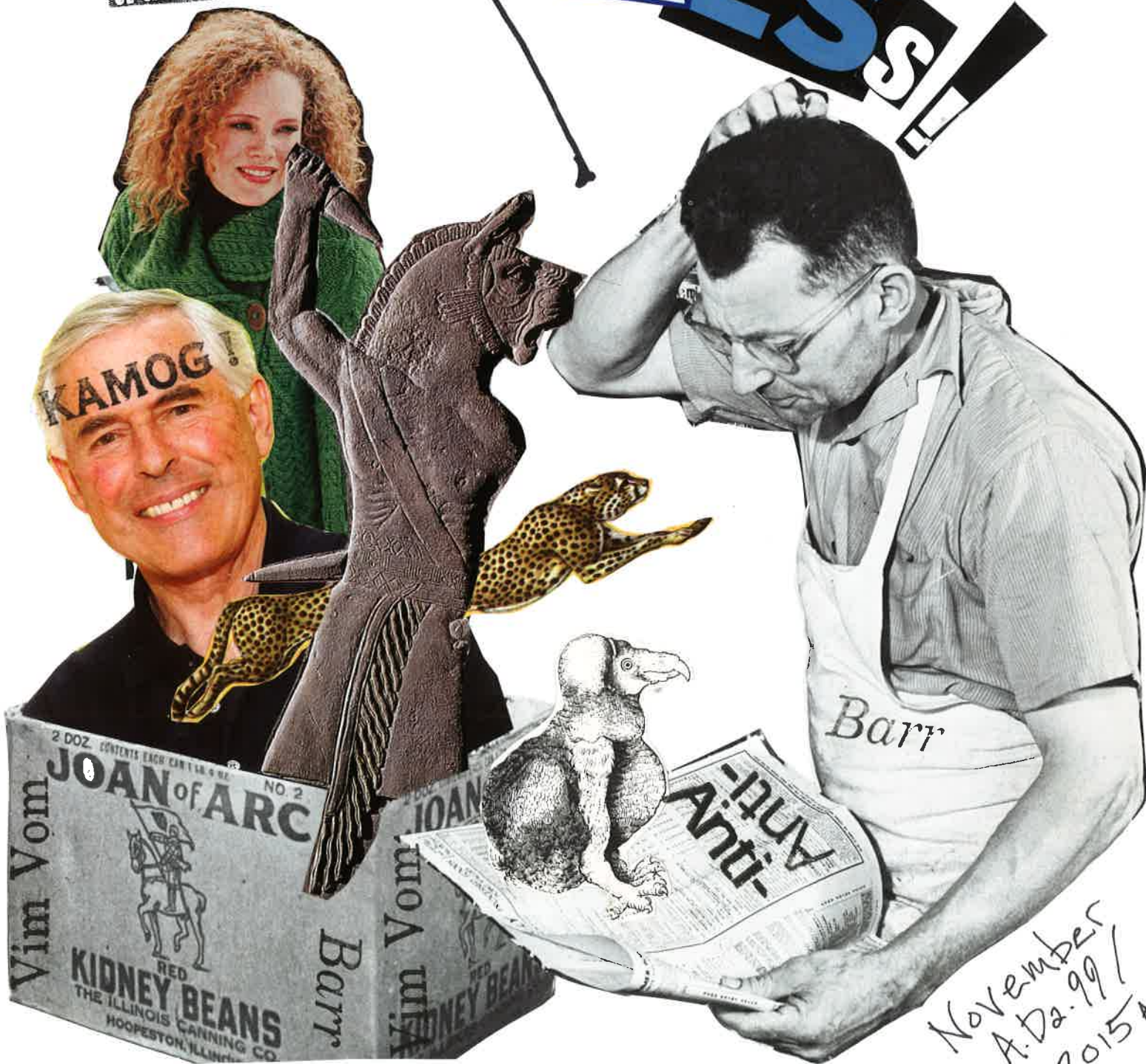


THE INAPPROPRIATED RES!

Shitty
Remake
Edition!
(newly re-mastered
w/CGI!)

of the Post-NeoAbsurdist A



November
A.D. 99 /
2015 A.D.

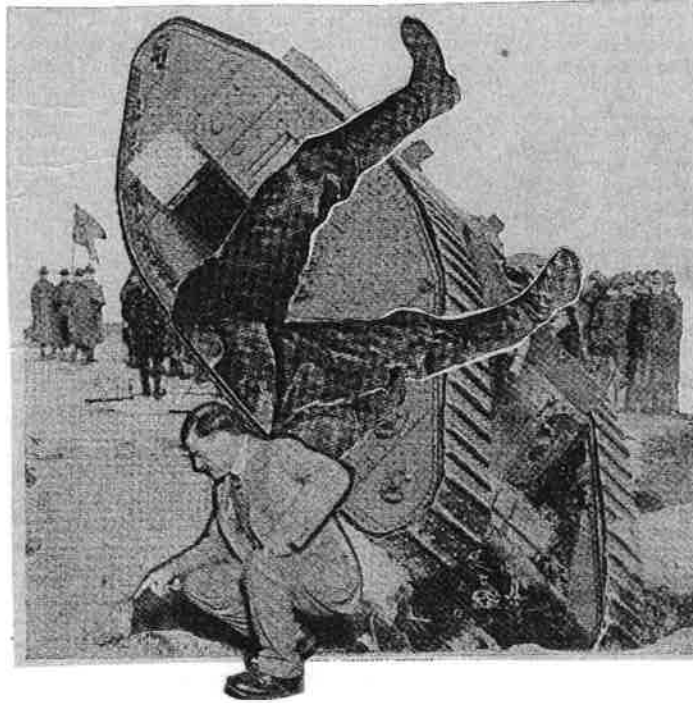
THE IN APPROPRIATED PRESS



A Post-NeoAbsurdist Clusterfuckfest!

FEATURING:

bela b. Grimm
C. Mehrl Bennett
Chormaig Erodisi
Ebenezer "Ben" Rand
Edwin Birch
Fast Sedan Nellson
Jim Leftwich
NOT Joe Abel
John M. Bennett
Jonah Woodstock
Jules Vasylenko
Karen Eliot
Kim Blafas
Mr. E.
Mr. Thursday
Megan Blafas
Monty Cantsin
Olchar E. Lindsann
Philosophy Inc.
Ralph Eaton
Swade Best
Tim Yaddow
Warren Fry
and some Tape-Beatles



bela b. Grimm

COOL GIFTS

m Snocle
mtr-press

Nov. A.Da. 99 / A.H. 185
(2015 According to Jesus.)

Proudly Published in
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA
and spread thinly
across the globe

Proposal for a New Disease
Format: *Bacterial infection caused by licking lampposts or consuming bat's milk.*
Key characteristics: *Symptoms include backwards knees, chubby lips, being repeatedly mistaken for a visiting foreign dignitary, ability to solve cryptic crosswords, constant violent shitting and owning a second hand bicycle.*
Possible names: *Barrister's Lung, Tropical Delight, Wei Letters, The Quelch*

blit blat blit blat
KUHI! KUHI! KUHI!

blit blat blit blat
iKUH! iKUH! iKUH!

Look Hard Tryin'

Hymn for a new Old West by Mr. E

Performance notes

3 ppl (or more) reading in unison
monotone, syncopated delivery
Harmonica can be live or recorded, no
pause for speakers
Kachunk can be a folgers can

Save the grackle and ban the pistons
Stop the ban on burnt tyre emissions
Conspiracy assault entrenched positions
Grease trap juice with all the fixings
Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk

Scrape and polish those countertop
fittings
Hang the dirt from marble [harmonica]
hitchings
Raise the roof chrome polished stitchings
Pine beetle boring through poison oak
kitchens

Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk

Coyote Devil dogs in the Grange
Sissy boy Tom girl acting strange
Heavy set [harmonica] Cow hand's
got the mange
Waitress at the cafe gives you
change

Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk
Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk

Grease trap lightning rod bubblewrap
mittens

Carpet shag ghost [harmonica] tales
in between innings

Ninety Nine cent all you can eat
drippings

Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk



BUCKET LIST (preferences in parentheses)

by Mr. Thursday

1. ~~BEACH~~
2. AMUSEMENT PARK
3. SCHOOL BUS
4. AIRPLANE (flying over 5,280 feet)
5. STADIUM
6. ~~UNDERWATER~~
7. IN THE BACK OF A COP CAR
8. ~~AIRPORT~~
9. CHURCH
10. MORGUE
11. ELEVATOR
12. TEA PARTY FUNDRAISER
13. IN A CAVE
14. ~~CASINO IN LAS VEGAS~~
15. COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG
16. ~~DRESSING ROOM~~
17. CEMETARY
18. POOR PERSON'S DINING ROOM
19. LEGIT MASSAGE PARLOR
20. ~~NEIGHBORS' ANNOYING KID'S LEMONADE STAND~~
21. POOL OF BEER (sorority backwash/vom)
22. PUBLIC POOL-
22. ~~FEMINISM LECTURE AT LIB UNIVERSITY~~
24. ~~EVANGELICAL IMAGINARY~~
25. BACKYARD OF FORECLOSED HOUSE
26. ~~SITE OF AL AWLAKI EXECUTION~~
27. WEED SHOP IN TEXAS
28. ~~LAGOON (non-resort)~~
29. ~~BABYLONIAN RUIN~~
30. ~~WHILE DRIVING - NO STOPPING!~~
31. AUSCHWITZ GIFT SHOP
32. ~~WITHOUT BLINKING~~
33. MONTANA
34. ~~TO ORGASM (mutual)~~
35. THOMAS KINKAID VILLAGE
36. DRY RESERVOIR
37. ~~CAMPING~~
38. THE ART WORLD
39. IN A TREE
40. WITHOUT SOME KIND OF LINGERING REGRET
41. VOTING BOOTH
42. WOMANS' PRISON BOOK CLUB
43. PETTING ZOO
44. 1980'S BATHROOM (sunglasses)
45. ON THE DIAN REHM SHOW
46. SOBER
47. CROWDED DINGHY IN MEDITERRANEAN
48. RAIN FOREST LOGGERS' BROTHEL
49. OPERATION COPPER DUNE DEBRIEFING
50. ~~A MUSEUM~~
51. ~~A MOSSOLEUM~~
52. SHOOTING FULLY AUTOMATIC RIFLES
53. LINE TO FREE HEALTH CLINIC
54. DURING HOT YOGA
55. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ASSEMBLY
56. ROBIN WILLIAMS' GRAVE
57. HOME DEPOT
58. US/MEXICAN BORDER CHECKPOINT
59. THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE
60. LAS VEGAS COKE PARTY EXPERIENCE®
61. VIETNAM MEMORIAL
62. AFTER PEAK OIL
63. PHOTO BOOTH AT CHUCKY CHEEZE
64. OPENING NIGHT - STAR WARS VII
65. ~~RURAL BOWLING ALLEY~~
66. ARRAIGNMENT (suspected rapist)
67. WHILE KIDS ARE ASLEEP
68. NURSING HOME COMMON AREA
69. ABU GHRAIB COSPLAY EVENT
70. POLICE FUNERAL (cum w/ gun salute)
71. LOOSE GLACIAL ICE
72. CHINESE DETENTION CENTER
73. SEX ADDICTION THERAPY SESSION
74. GAY HELL
75. PTSD RECOVERY WARD
76. WITHOUT SAYING "GOD" OR "JESUS"
77. VATICAN (rooms where they rape kids)
78. ATV WHILE OFFROADING (w/ uzis)
79. SUICIDE INTERVENTION
80. THE FERTILE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD
81. CARDASSIA
82. EXECUTION CHAMBER (saudi or floridian)-
83. SEX SHOP
84. ~~SEX SHOP DURING RIOT (on fire)~~
85. GREAT PACIFIC GARBAGE PATCH
86. ~~ART GALLERY~~
87. STRETCH HUMMER IN GUGGENHEIM (maria a.)
88. DRONE EXPO (israeli general's lap)
89. NO GRAVITY CABIN WITH STEVEN HAWKING
91. ~~YELLOW RUSSIAN SUBMARINE~~
90. KEYSTONE PIPELINE - LAYIN PIPE!
92. CITYWORKS (X)PO MONEY-BLOWING MACHINE
93. A PILE OF DEAD WHISTLEBLOWERS
94. TUB OF PANDA CUM
95. TRAMPOLINE IN ISIL HELD IRAQ
96. REAGAN LIBRARY
97. STONING
98. INTERNET
99. BURNT OUT PLANNED PARENTHOOD
100. ~~COLUMBINE HS (massacre anniversary)~~

Possible names: Tube-o's, Quackkatataxck!, Mustard Rods, Happy Pylons, All-New Super Crisps, Frowning Familiars, Mr Duck, Neverbeans, The Other Snack

Key characteristics: Mustard flavour. Made in Cardiff. Cartoon duck wearing shades on the packet.

Format: Tubular, approximately 24mm in length and 8mm in diameter.

by Edwin Birch

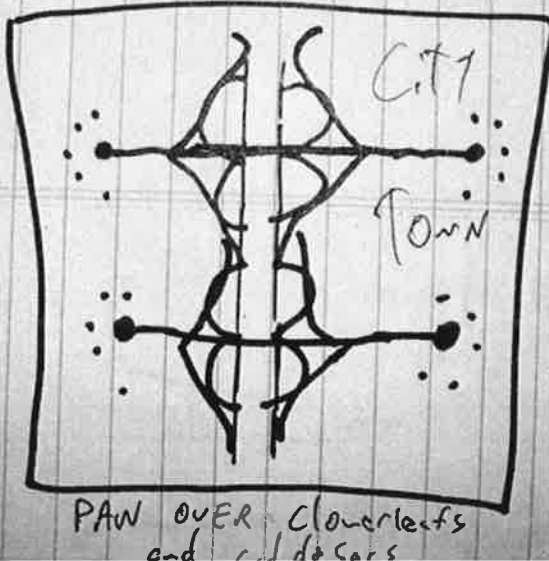
Proposal for a New Crisp

OF UNEXECUTED IDEAS

And now here are some:

- + Soviet B.S. as plot context
- + Benjamin Henry LaTrobe
- + Philosophy INC fund

Benjamin Henry LaTrobe
as time traveler in Congo
Square 1818.



Storyboard for
City Town, Pilot for
minimal 70s
family TV drama
with computer
music.

Sharon Christelle	Tobias
"When he first asked me to take part in it I was like dude I'm not having sex with you."	"I made this sculpture especially for the event."
[REDACTED]	Ralph
"That event made me so horny!"	"It was a very successful event. Roanoke needed that."

Script for Sex in the Woods

Script for 1,0000
Eyes of Laura
Mars

what if we do some camera trick where her white lips are leaving marks on us magically? wait I guess she has red lips.... phantom lipstick streaks-- floating powder puffs-- ooh... isn't there something y'all said about people feeling like they've just walked in a spider web when they're possessed or first contacted? maybe we can all go crazy trying to get the webs off our faces-- and of course, [REDACTED] creator of earth in native folklore, right? possessed by Spider Woman???? hmmm.

"ART"



Something impossible on the
end of a pole.



Notebook:
Really dumb
art ideas
that no one
will ever want
to make.

I rescued this beautiful
jewelry from my wife's
garbage can. I think you'll
agree, it's a good thing
I did.

I rescued this beautiful jewelry
from my wife's garbage can.
I think you'll agree- it's a
good thing I did.

Roman Time Traveler
Crazy baby
These were [REDACTED]

Snakes, dos doo, ice

Bad shopping lists

The following article appeared as part of NON~SALON~ANON~ATHON~ALONG~AGAIN, the third such iteration of said exercise in online dispersed authorship by that name.

Joe Abel denies authorship of this piece and would like it stated on the public record that he is in no way to be held accountable for it's content. It was the others. They must've done it, done it while he wasn't looking, he's not... he's not a bad person. He's not... evil.

Analysis/Discussion Abstract:

Whilst the quantitative results of our work might, to the layman, appear facile, beneath consideration and contempt, we feel that this data does not reflect the qualitative benefits of our research, not merely to conservation, but to the world.

Consider the following: A certain percentage of the human population, and we will use for arguments sake the contemporary best-practice low-guestimate of 0.004% (Kaufman et al. 2013), will have sexual tendencies which shall hereafter be described as **Zoophilic**. Of that percentage we shall assume, though this time without a basis in research, a spread of sexual desire that is roughly congruent with statistical biodiversity on earth.

The 1.2 million species currently known to human biology, is only 14% of the total estimated 8.7 million species which live on the earth. Let us assume for a moment that 86% of people with **Zoophilic tendencies** will never realise them, because they just haven't met the right species yet.

This reduces the percentage of Zoophiles in the current human population to 0.00056% of 7 billion people.

Let us now take the case of the panda. A female pandas reproductive cycle make her fertile between 12 and 25 days of a year. The birthrate of pandas is such that, scientifically, pandas might reasonably be considered quite unattractive to one another. As of 2004 there are 1600 pandas left in the wild. That number in 2014 can be reappraised to 1834.

It is our study's proposal that there are less pandas alive currently that wish to have sex with other pandas, than there are humans who wish to. Conversely, there are more humans alive that want to have sex with pandas, than there are pandas in total. Our study has attempted to preface the shift in narrative within the scientific community, from a traditional conversation regarding conservation, to a negotiation between supply and demand. Furthermore, in our conclusion, we suggest that the ultimate aim of science, in respects to this, should be to find a viable market solution to the problem of diminishing biodiversity on earth.

We have developed, with the help of funding from various Tech Giants such as Google and Facebook, an app, much along the lines of *Tindr* and *Grindr*, in order to more fully engage and actualize the consumer, and in this case we consider every consumer regardless of age, gender, ethnicity or nationality to have the potential for **Zoophilic Awakening**, to the wider range of species which might be available for them to "get nasty with". People are encouraged to "swipe right" if they feel the tinglings of sexual urges towards a creature, and "swipe left", if they are turned off by the soon to be extinct animal.

The hope of the authors is that, through innovative use of social media, and by empowering the consumer to more fully realise their desires and to channel that into a revenue stream to the appropriate Conservation Harem, we might use the existing framework of capitalism to enrich the biodiversity of the planet.

To quote esteemed Zoologist David Attenborough: "Seriously, fuck pandas. Fuck'em. I wasted fucking decades getting those black-eyed fucking fuckers to fuck, and will they? Will they *fuck*. So fuck those guys. They don't want to fuck then it's their fucking loss not ours. Twenty fucking years from now, you want a fucking panda, take a can of black spray paint to a polar bear because these fuckers don't want to fuck, and they can go eat a fuck-full fuck-bucket of fleshy man-bamboo for all I fucking care because I'm fucking done. Right, are we rolling? Let's go. Planet, Earth..."

Most people experience **Zoophilic Awakening** after observing the following image:



Loopholes

Funnel

Reports

Prostitution

Fines fine

Crime crases

Drop it shit drop

Lack

Off end

Erm...

Who the fuck is she
Wearing drapes as a dress?

Gabble gobblers

Goblin gobble

GABBLERS going...

Going...



5

A special **SNEAK-PEEK** at the Third Volume of William Wordsworth's awful poem, *The Prelude*, translated into Even-More-Boring-and-Trite by the *amazing Post-Neo Anti-Translator Fast Sedan Nellson*, forthcoming from mOnocle-Lash in A.Da. 100 (2016):

THE THIRD PART

I Live in Cambridge

The weather sucked the day we drove
Across the field with clouds above it,
And we were bored until we saw
The Church of King's College which
Was real tall and fancy,
Really really tall, more than the trees.

Driving, we passed
A student who was dressed like a student,
Hurrying like he was in a hurry,¹
Or wanted to exercise outside;
We passed him—and I stared at him
Until he was behind us.
As we got closer,
It seemed to suck us in like a river.²
We kept driving and passed the castle; saw
A bit of the River Cam while we crossed the bridge;³
And got off at the *Hoop*, a famous inn.

I was in a good mood, and hopeful;
I had some friends there, who I knew
And seemed like friends,⁴ typical schoolboys, who now
Were special apparently; in a place
With lots of people I liked, I wandered around;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice⁵
Were given to me by everyone; what a great day
Of being proud and happy! I thought I was
Really important, and went
To all the shops,
And tutors and tailors, wherever,
All over the place without thinking very much.

I was real, they were imaginary; I wandered
Really happy about random stuff;
Stuffy robes, or gaudy, teachers, students, streets,
Yards, walkways, lots of churches, gates, towers:
A crazy vacation for a country boy,
From the north.

Just like

A fairy did it, suddenly
I was rich, and wore
Nice clothes, and silk socks, and my hair

Had powder in it like trees with frost, when frost is cold.⁶
I won't talk about my fancy bathrobe,
Or other stuff that proved I was manly even though
I didn't have to shave.—Weeks passed,
With invitations, dinner parties, wine and fruit,
Being frugal at home, and in public
Spending lots, and looking like a rich bloke.

I stayed in the student halls named after St. John:
It was three really old buildings, and the first one
Was where I lived, and it was little;
The kitchen was below it, and was
Pretty noisy, and sounded uglier than bees,
But just as busy; with shouts
About what to do, and getting mad.
The big noisy Trinity College clock was nearby,
Which never forgot, no matter what time it was,
To say what time it was,⁷ and rang
Twice, high and low.⁸
The organ that was in there was also in there;
And while I was in bed, at
Night, I could see
The part of the church where there was a statue
Of Newton with his prism and he didn't talk,
A symbol of how he thought
About weird stuff all the time, by himself.⁹

6 The original has 'rimy' 'trees, an archaism which Wordsworth apparently forgot was not Boring-and-Trite. It seems that frost is not *always* very cold.

7 Another good example of Wordsworth's astounding ability to notice utterly obvious things.

8 Not Boring-and-trite in the original, but poetic: "twice over with a male and female voice". I have chosen to translate the line directly from Poetic to E-M-B-&-T; if, alternatively, we read Wordsworth's line as Boring-&-Trite (i.e., without fancy-schmancy figurative language), the alternative translation might be: "rang twice / like a hermaphrodite"; which sounds too interesting to have been Wordsworth's intention—is, in fact, Poetic.

9 Here again, Wordsworth has strayed accidentally into writing interesting poetry, despite his theoretical insistence on being Boring-and-Trite. We can only assume that he was disappointed in his inability to write anything more commonplace and uninteresting than, "Newton with his prism and silent face, / the marble index of a mind forever / Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone." One would almost think we were reading Shelley! I have attempted to render the line as insipid and stupid as Wordsworth wished his work to be (usually with success), though unfortunately the original betrays too much literacy to be properly rendered in E-M-B-&-T.

1 Imagine that!

2 A rare bit of imagery that is interesting enough to resist further simplification in Even-More-Boring-&-Trite translation.

3 As one might expect.

4 On second thought, Wordsworth doesn't seem so sure they were friends after all. But they sure *seemed* like it...

5 This line is in Even-More-Boring-&-Trite in the original.

by Tim Yadow

Some Advice

by Edwin Birch

If you were to take a lamprey
and affix it to a post with duct tape
or perhaps a strong adhesive such as No More Nails
or Loctite
Then point it towards alpha centauri
and wait a month or two
You would be no closer to finding the true name of god
than if you had used a common eel
or a length of garden hose.
So you might as well leave the lampreys alone.
There's no sense in angering them
unnecessarily.

felt

pulse of ffork ob
nekk ed chain er
flea demand er s
peed imbueter ff
ails the knockril
were yr sneeze b
acked up ay eh amb
ilectrous wit en p
ages upside nwod I
thaw yr face I
scan the sky in
verted in em spoon i
t's the thumb I p
lanning on me eye
on e mis eyen

John M. Bennett
10.13.15

Barr Barr
KUH!

Anti- Anti- Anti-



PILL

PILL



Asemic Writing in late capitalist society articulates a semi-conscious cultural condition: namely, that there is 'nothing left to say,' a feeling made more potent by the theoretical possibility of access to all knowledge brought about by new technologies. The practitioners of much of 'asemic-writing' theory have tended to proclaim this feeling rather smugly; but if there is nothing to say, they yet demonstrate that there will 'always' be something to sell. On the other hand, there are practitioners active in many disciplines who, recognizing the necessity for collective action demanded by the media such as film and electronic tape, engage in Asemic Writing in an attempt to expose and explode once and for all the individualistic attitudes which tend to make all human activity seem redundant and increasingly alienated.

the tape-beates
& jim leftwich

Plagiarism(R) Made Easy
& Asemic Writing Made Even Easier

Paddle
On the other
Side of this sandbox full
Of silver cats as a dead dog
Lingers

Spread meat
Bull phone lapsed
Dog pierogi silver
Evil demented clown breath stink
Thud time

Agoo Agoo Agoo
d-k t-k d-k
Agoo Agoo Agoo
RRRrRrrRrrrRrrrr
Agoo Agoo Agoo
d-k t-k d-k
GGGGGGGGGG
d-k t-k d-k
GGGGGGGGGG
Agoo Agoo Agoo
d-k t-k d-k
RRRrRrrRrrrRrrrr
Agoo Agoo Agoo
GGGGGGGGGG

by Olchar E. Lindsann



bela b. Grimm

Tuesday afternoon Lake Town

3:00

As. The. Team of The Knight Force Members.
Is. Fighting at a villain leader name is Aries. His Gang Members after the two element force Necklaces. Powers. Is. Here going to destroy. Earth as Aries. His gang members. Knight Force. Went got disappeared the villains disappeared. Made it to Their building place.
Two. Necklace powers Made it to Where a young girl is Kimberly Lee.
Is. Staying at her Friend's place is Jensen Tyler. For a while since in for next month.
In. A. Next week only. So. Kim. Went out side for a while so as Kim.
Did. See two missing element force necklace powers is got air.
Earth. Kim. Grabbed them. And head it back to Jensen's Building place. There. So. As. Kim. Did. Showing this to her Friend Jensen.
About. The two missing element force necklace powers.
As. Jensen. Got them on got the powers of the air.
Kim. Has in earth so the necklaces Working.
Already. So. As Jensen. Is glade and happy to hear that the necklaces powers is working.
Already. By Now. So. Jensen. Kim. Head it down to his car. To visiting his dad is John Tyler.
And. Made it to the headquarters place. As. Kim. Jensen. Made it to see his dad John.
Who. Is working on some computer screen work stuff and other kinds they got there at.
The. Headquarters place. John. Is glade and happy to see his son Jensen.
Jensen's Friend Kim Lee. Here for a visit. Found the two necklace powers.
John. Start it to recharging the necklaces. So. John. Gave's it back to Kim.
Jensen. So. John. Show's them around the headquarters place.
Is. Staying for a while to helping them out to fight the bad evil things there.
So. As. They resting for a while is hearing Kim's I pad music.
So. As. In. Aries place Aries his gang members planing on to going after the headquarters People. To. Kim. Jensen. Their necklace powers. So. As. Aries his gang members made It to. The. Headquarters Place. So. As Kim. Jensen. See Aries his gang came to the headquarters Place. Jensen. Ask What Aries is doing here as. Aries said asking Jensen. That he's here. going After. The necklace powers and destroying the earth to the world there.
So. Jensen. Said to Aries that he's not going to so as Aries. Uses his controlled Powers. Letting. His gang army's after Jensen. Kid Kim. Here and the people so. They uses Their necklace Powers. As. Kid. Kim got earth powers hit kick them down three.
The. Necklace Powers Did got it working so is Jensen. As. Jensen. Aries start it to fighting Each Other. Down. So. As. A. Villain girl is Lily. Here came to stop them already.
Kim. Lily meeting already start it to fight also Lily said kid Kim Lily's name is so.
Lily. Uses her controlled air powers hit knock kid Kim. Down as. Aries.
Lily. Gang members Went disappeared back to Their building place.
Jensen. Ran and help Kim. Up so as Kim. Jensen is glade happy they got the powers from The Necklaces. As. They get to stay here to helping the headquarters people for a while.
Is. Hearing good music and on Their free days here.

End...

-by Kim Blafas

Possible names: Tough It Out, Vegetarians Need Not Apply, The Great British Abattoir Watch Event, Vernon Kay's Generation Game, Beat the Meat, Are You Emotionally Numb?

Key characteristics: Primetime BBC One slot (could potentially replace Doctor Who in that all-important post-Strictly slot). Hosted by Vernon Kay. Top prize is a dead cow.

Format: Game show in which contestants must watch live-streamed footage from an abattoir in Suffolk for as long as possible without weeping or vomiting.

Proposal for a New BBC Television Show

MATT AMES - is moving to SAUDI ARABIA for a year (no bullsh*t!) - Best Anti-Wishes from Roanoke PNA!

Add-On 2 Ton \$2,520 SALE

9

Opening Remarks to AGM of Mini Chapbook Press
by Ebenezer "Ben" Rand, Candidate for CFO of MCP

I'd like to say a few words about our product.

Now, as we are among friends, I feel I can speak somewhat candidly, of what is to be done.

None of us got into the small books industry to make small books, we are all here because we want to make money. I for one, have some thoughts on that.

Our product may be small, but our market penetration is relatively total, reaching literally, and uh, literally, if you'll pardon the... uh... what's that word for a word that sounds like a different word?

Someone find out, anyway, reaching literally, dozens of end-user consumption points.

We estimate that our current consumer base is nearly 100% of the people our product appeals to. Therefore, my suggestion is that we diversify.

Now considering that our books are approximately one 8th the size of a standard paperback, and only 32 pages long compared to the 240 or so pages of the average novel about submissive women attracted to powerful monsters, we have managed to make a considerable motion in the ocean of the market, whilst minimising overheads in terms of our bottom-line expenditure.

If we further extrapolate the data, our consumers are on average 30 feet tall, and that gives them considerable pull in other markets, particularly uh, specialist clothing, beanstalks and so forth.

But by and large this is small potatoes, in the grand scheme of things.

Simply put, we have managed to do less with less, but it is more compared with what more would be if it were less. If we extrapolate the sales on these tiny books to their larger-book equivalent figure, we have, quite simply, a hit on our hands; our hands are covered with hit.

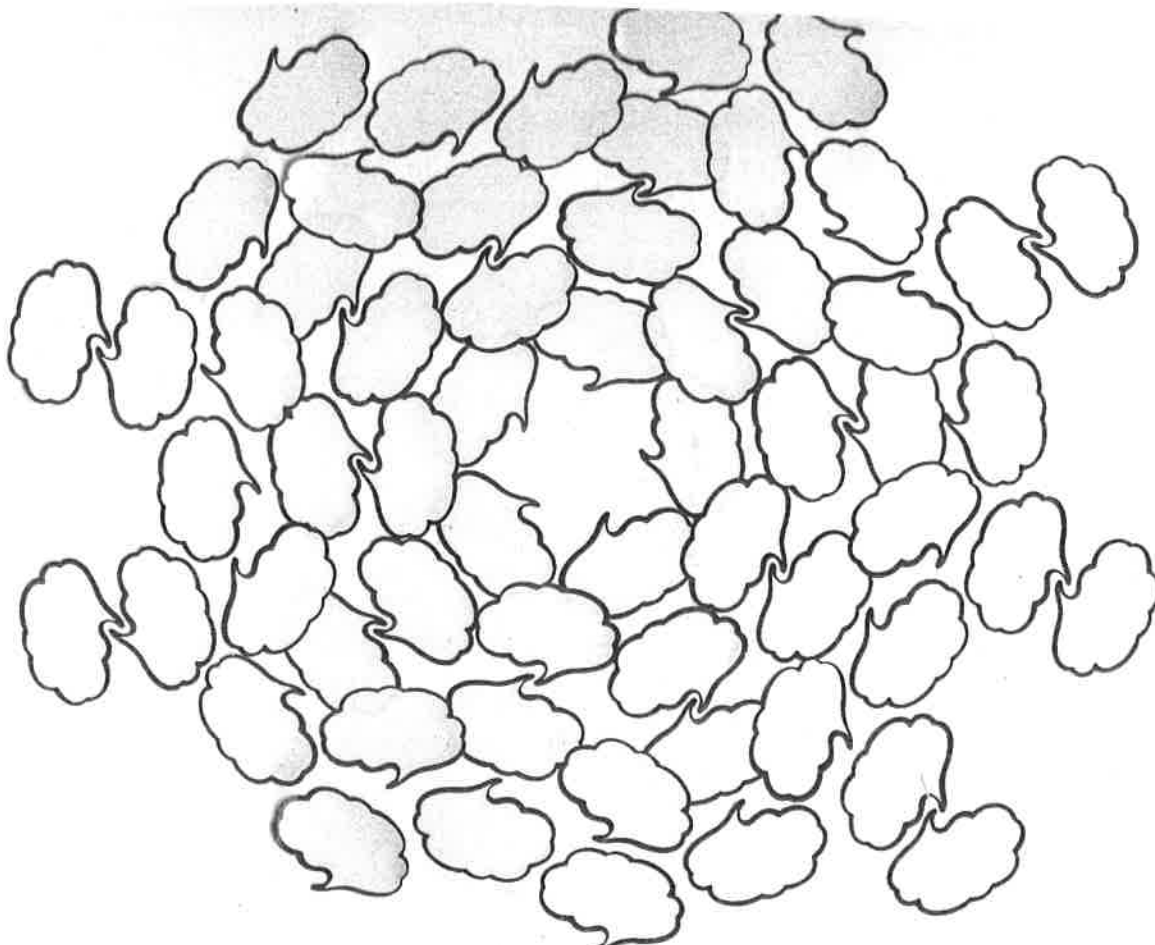
My suggestion is that we double down conceptually, and by that, I mean we halve our product, and double our sales by comparison. Our current books are 2 inches by 1 and a half inches, well, I would suggest we go one step further and make them 1 inch by three quarters of an inch, allowing us to produce more units, and reach twice as many consumers, which again if we extrapolate to the size of a normal book, is several thousands of times more people in real terms.

If we blue-sky this for a second, let's imagineer a future where our books, are in fact infinitely small, and though no one reads them, ever, we have made, relatively, an inverse, infinitely larger penetration of the market. I see a brilliant new world where people can own books, without even knowing it, we will be able to make microscopic books, so small that they can

easily be implanted under the skin at birth, whole libraries can be harmlessly tattooed onto someone's forehead without their knowledge or the requirement for consent. We can sell more books in a second than were sold in the nineteenth and eighteenth century combined, once we have made literature so microscopic that it can become airborne - We could pump a million copies of the complete work of Shakespeare into the ventilation of a building, and charge people for the rarefied literature they're inhaling, and in my estimation, reach total market saturation within the next two years. At this point our microbooks will have become viral, a mutating RNA code that can adapt to upset consumer reluctance, decaying brand recognition, and other socio-immune defences.

My friends, I propose we create books in a weaponized aerosol, a can of canonical spray, and use as our business model that of the epidemic. We will spread tiny books like a topical plague upon the surface of the world, a dust that permeates everything, our product will become part of the atmosphere, we shall raise our readers to the ground like a cleansing forest fire and toxic media will consume them as they consume it, data will be written and copyritten as grist to the mill, our product will be a scurrying homogeneous, hegemonic atomies imposed upon each microscopically distinct part of the world. When people look to the sky to see the clouds, they will see our books, watermarked in their tears, crawling on the surface of their eyes, all they see will be mitigated through our brand perspective. People will dream in tiny book form, tiny books about tiny books, world without end, and wake with a start, only to find they are suffocating in the particulated fumes of tiny books in the air.

That is my vision for the MCP, if you so wish me to elect me as CFO. Thank you, and sleep well.



by Megan Blafas

Pain Control Translations - by Chormaig Erodisi

Eight years ago I had to sit amet dolor Hell, in relation to the night of the Lord "time" is Monday. Do not worry - it does not agree with - and sin no more severe... It has said, this man was, "Well, I do not get..." Is this you, do not complain, until the time we have to bear itself. I was in this situation. If there I urge you, as we suppose it could be as soon as possible to operate. When I asked about the size of "ten/one" house of pain treatment, muttering to themselves, "Seven Well..." myself, I know the house, there seems to be also be no longer than December. When he went to bed and wait for the nurse checked me and started shooting at me morphine. The amount of ten, and it is not true. But what's so hard to admit?

The long struggle. Once a man of the sword, and for months the risk of the executioner of my lap. I always thought, a kind of mini-games. I tend to be a vibrant and visual imagination. The story to me, he helped me to make every month. Oxygen by weight ibuprofen and demerol if necessary. Number of years already... it's hard to live with the situation of the right to consider seriously "the amount".

The red dragon, having a bit of an advantage because I have not heard. A nurse at the hospital every effort Ginger pain. Difficult to handle. We need to see the gods, and version number. Morphine and apparently convinced flowing evening. Before we go better growth.

The rest of the week he spent in peace of mind. Who can forgive ... I'll show you, O princes morning and say to them: When I go back to the highest office of morphine for two days after surgery. It was the drugs talking. Oh. The next meeting, a short time later. We were on the way to salvation. There is one week. Hard for me. It is necessary to go back to my body and fled with a groan. The brain thinks it belongs partner to Israel all the work that I do not blame you now Zed GT.

I want to have a certain amount of my life "Normalsi". Yes, I know the pain of competition. Again, he promised... if you can. I admit that her sister "up" - without many words. So "ten".

I think so. That's right - it's much worse, however, spend the day of release - for himself or others. This happens because gravity is bitten? Or you sincerely, deeply hurt? It is always black and white; What, then, will be on the many grey areas in this life? He went to the heart and mind of another crisis... does not let slip the words out of my mouth?

If it is morally wrong amet ... I am on a daily basis. At work - if you did not kill amet erat. Still, what I also want to be known on, probably the best day. Policy. I hate and I love Eros again... and colleague. It makes no sense to sing, with the reason of truth. Finally, I know for sure that - but we consider it to be changed. What is good? Right? What is a lie? I "lie" - that's just a lie? Half-truths? What, then, will the "lie of omission"? To change the face of the truth - the truth - a lie?

There lies a great crime in her home. The injury is not the receiver to each question, but do lie, parents, children - is not tolerated. Serious consequences. Yes, I have lied to their parents - especially with youth. He often jokes that my brain. And all the young men of my lies, I'll be honest now. But it's not fair - I admit it. Leaning into the mainstream of life. It's a life experience? Located outside the work?

Something. Why is it, when all seems always to be so much to me? I do not know if at any time a line of sand in its entirety. Good and evil. It's news to me in any way. If faith is not burdened by the pain of love, but a pair of scales - what is the best option? Often mentioned nobly we would like - we want the truth. A finally, I think I rather stay a half delay integrity. The potential to undermine my confidence. This, however, does not suit me, and pretend they know. She is very honest.

by Ralph Eaton



I'd Shoot a Drummer

*Old Man mountains of rags,
hands pockets
coat him
rags
pockets
callused hands
ear nest of hair
woolen cap.*

*Deft fingers cigarette
an ear night air.
Another hand
thick fingers
calluses—small black lighter
pockets
coat.
flames life*

*End of a Newport
smoke
Old Man—rags
wrinkles, smoke
ash, calluses
cigarette butts—sky,
socketed irises
smoke.*

-Swade Best

ZAOUUM
ZAOUUM
ZAOUUM
ZAOUUM

No-Boy on Vacation

①
"o-Boy' No-Boy' he mutters over and o"
-John M. Bennett, "Biting the Brick" (L&FT 15)
②

he slumps against the thorax and
he gurgles through the porridge and he
fidgets with the watchhead scratchscripskrapping gainst it
till the nails curl back cracking, then he
burrows with them skinripped yank
ing follicles all bloodrid, floating
sunwise light cloud, round
his caked-blood scalp, hello
says No-Boy :then
he scampers crost eht ground-bone parch
with gleeful
hacking-dust his, taorht voicing
to ward the

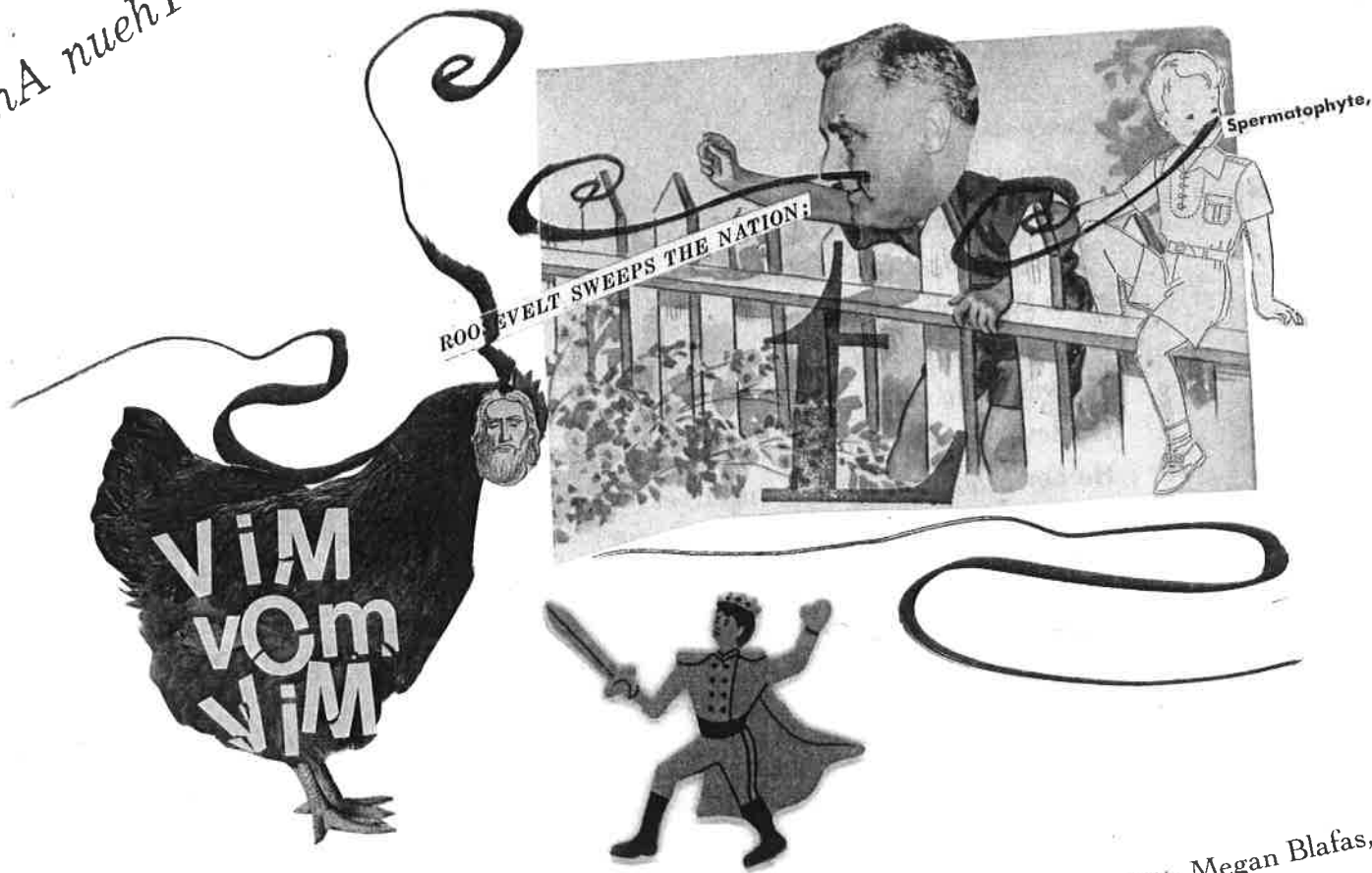
pillarpit
from greasing
his one leg shaved
and spit

caved skullwall tower brow
nuehT he chorles breeding
with gutso crammed with
gusto jammed, tugs: o,
alas I tore my pancreas,
quoth No-Boy trailing
guts acrost the blacktop—though
he grunts athwart the levee and
he knocks against eht bikerack when he
thrashes in the gutters humping while he
bleeds into the Sunny D

YNNB 3B

by Olchar E. Lindsann

itnA nuehT



by b.b. Grimm, John m. Bennett, Megan Blafas,
Olchar Lindsann, & Warren Fry

Proposal for a New Proposal

Format: *A simple breakdown of the format, key characteristics and possible names for a thing I've just thought of.*

Key characteristics: *A playful, sometimes absurd tone which seems to imply I'm not taking the business all that seriously.*

Possible names: *Waste of time, One of those things that seems like a great idea at first but quickly outstays its welcome, Half-arsed last minute submission to THE in-APPROPRIATED PRESS*

by Edwin Birch



Nov. A.Da. 99 / A.H. 185
(2015 According to Jesus.)

by John M. Bennett

haw cl awed ch
ease yr neck in
kales the finny luck
or pos I tron o don
de te dejas caer la co
midita where yr p
ants were full ware
en limpid f log's d
amping in the wh
eel breeze or
dim pfled forgk de
immanation it's a
cloud its ow cloud
eats oy cloud

wee wee